

# War Cry of the Militant Suffragists Enticed Kate Carew to Hyde Park

The Occasion Was Not a Brick Furling, Window Smashing, Minister Insulting Tournament, but the Delivery of "Votes for Women" Speeches from a Score of Platforms on the Greensward.

By Kate Carew.

At last I've seen the hammer thrower. No, I don't mean the Olympic games champions at all. I mean those slender, low voiced ladies who are driving the English police to distraction, giving government officials nervous attacks, and causing reporters to consult their thesauruses diligently for new ways of expressing "virulent suffragettes," "unsexed wretches," "furies" and such like dainty, descriptive bits.

Ever since I've been in London, my dears, I've haunted the shopping district. I've stood like "little Mabel" with her face against the pane, in front of plate glass windows, and whenever a particularly meek looking party came up to gaze at a bonnet I've expected her to raise her strong right arm suddenly and heave a hammer or a brick.

BUT ONE USE FOR HAMMER.

Hammers are all right when a friend's character comes up for discussion, but I don't deal with them in concrete form, and I know I could always prove an alibi, if necessary.

Well—will you believe it?—never a working militant came your Aunt Kate's way while she was on the prowl, yet they were always playing their damming little tricks elsewhere. But last week they advertised that they would all gather together in Hyde Park on Sunday and they urged every one to join them there. If the gentle readers of the ads, were sympathizers and wished to take an active part in the demonstration they were told they could come dressed in white with purple and green ribbons, and something would be found for them to do. Otherwise, they could just stroll around at 3 o'clock and there would be plenty for them to see and hear.

Naturally, I never had any thought of

prepared for emergencies, so I took these warnings to heart. I dodged mounted police in my little two-by-four room. I leaped upon the bed with the grace of an antelope, to avoid an equestrian member of the force who might be entering the door, and I cowered behind the table with a "don't shoot" air—simply for practice. I got awfully supple and spry before Sunday came. I was ready for any sort of attack, and I was fearfully excited at the idea of being in the very midst of all these desperate outlawed women—the "virulent, vitriolic vipers," as a wild young reporter once called them.

The day came and brought what is known by many as suffrage weather—cloudless, bright and very warm. The meeting was at 3, as I have said. I know that we of the so-called weaker sex may not be strictly punctual in private life, but when we're in the public eye we're up to the mark, all right, so I strolled toward the park about ten minutes to 2.

I was just going in the Marble Arch entrance when I encountered my first suffragette on her own happy hunting ground. I've seen 'em in America; I've interviewed 'em, as you are aware, but this was my very first in England.

She was just a mere scrap of a woman, thinnest, slenderest, bright-eyed, white-haired old lady I've seen in a long time. She was standing at the gates and she held a little sheet of paper.

THE "BOBBY" INTERVENES.

"Please take one," she said in a bird-like voice, smiling at me and gently forcing into my limp hand a purple slip with "Votes for Women" writ large upon it.

In a moment a huge, portly and important policeman was in our midst. Where he came from, heaven only knows. He simply appeared as if he had popped up a trap door, like the clown in a pantomime.

"Now, see 'ere, miss," he said, with finger upraised and frowning brow bent upon the female mite in front of him, "don't you be a-comin' hussle the park gates with them there papers of yours."

"No, indeed, officer," conciliatingly twittered the microbe. "I won't, I assure you I won't. I'll just stand out here."

Three years ago, I dare say, this bobby



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Well, all I know is, they didn't. I couldn't seem to make up my mind which platform to strike for first. I was so busy studying the scene as a whole. It was awfully impressive, somehow. It made a kind of lump come into my throat and my goggles got all moist, but that may have been the weather, which by this time was a very fine and lifelike imitation of a dog day in little old New York.

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